



# The Gateway



VOL. XXVI, No. 13.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1935

SIX PAGES

## SECESSION NOT PROBABLE OPINION OF FORUM

### Petition Demands Complete Inquiry Into Present Student Administration

Senior Law Students Back Move to Oust Student Council—Think Union Fees Exorbitant

#### DEMAND MEETING

Voicing dissatisfaction with the present student administration and demanding a complete investigation into all branches of student activity, a petition with at present over 30 names affixed to it is being circulated among students. A minimum of 50 names is required in order that a special session of the Students' Union be called to consider the charges made in the petition.

This petition, emanating from the senior law library, and with practically the unanimous backing of all senior law students, will be presented to the President of the Students' Union, Ted Bishop, who, if the petition is satisfactorily signed, will order a special meeting called.

Sponsors of the petition feel that this meeting will be held inside ten days.

#### Petition

The wording of the petition is as follows:

"The President of the Students' Union.

"Whereas the undersigned believe that the association known as The Students' Union of the University of Alberta has long since ceased to perform the functions for which it was created, and

"Whereas the undersigned do truly believe that some better method could be evolved for controlling the affairs of the students of the University, and

"Whereas it is true that certain departments of the Students' Union are ineffectively and inefficiently controlled:

"Therefore be it resolved that the undersigned do hereby petition for the abolition of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta and a complete and entire change in the management of student affairs at the said University.

"And your petitioners humbly pray that a general meeting of the Students' Union be called to discuss the petition."

#### System Rotten

"The whole system is rotten," declared one well known student when interviewed by The Gateway on the subject. "The publicity department is merely an agency for show-card advertising."

"Let's diagnose the disease and then prescribe a cure," was the advice of another student.

#### Union Fee Sore Point

A sore point seems to be the seven-dollar Union fee charged upon registration. Another point of contention is the so-called "high prices" to attend the various formal throughout the college year.

"There is undoubtedly room for improvement," stated one well known debater.

"The student administration shows a facetious, lakadaisical, and apathetic attitude towards their solon responsibilities," declared another law student.

"Let's have several leading students investigate and make a report to the student body," was the suggestion of yet another law student.

#### Revolt From Council's Sanctuary

The revolt is emanating from the very sanctuary of the present Council. There must be something in it," was another contention.

This reference is to the fact that several members of the Students' Council are law students.

Ted Bishop, Union President, could not be reached before press time, but a statement from him will no doubt be forthcoming shortly.

#### LOST

Shaffer's fountain pen, green, in Arts 135, Friday. Finder please return to Marg Irving, Pembina, Room 102.

#### PERISCOPE

Friday, Nov. 29—Interyear Plays, Con. Hall, 8:00 p.m.  
Engineering Students' Society, Med 142, 4:30 p.m. Speaker, R. W. Ross.

Saturday, Nov. 30—Frosh Sleighting Party, Big Tuck, 8:00 p.m.  
House Dance, 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 1—Musical Club, Athabasca Lounge, 3:30 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 2—Commerce Club Luncheon Meeting, 12:30.

Friday, Dec. 6—Junior Prom, Athabasca Hall.

### RADIO STUDIO



### University Radio Station On The Air With Many Popular Features

Has Wide Coverage—E. A. Corbett, Department of Extension, to Start new Series of Lectures

#### HOCKEY GAMES BROADCAST

Radio Station CKUA with a frequency of 580 kilocycles and an output of 500 watts, has been operated since 1926. Under the direction of the Department of Extension, its programs hold great interest to listeners, not only in Alberta, but in the neighboring provinces and across the border.

The programs, symphonies, lectures and plays have a wide appeal to those who can appreciate something other than dance music.

#### Students' Recital Hour

A popular feature of the studio is the Students' Recital Hour each Sunday night. Beginning with a group of about twenty in 1934, the studio is now hardly capable of accommodating the audience. This feature was made possible by the library of 834 records and reproducing apparatus presented by the Carnegie Foundation, together with the extensive musical library, thus enabling the students to hear the finest music possible.

Two of the most popular programs are the Symphony Hour and the CKUA Players, under the direction of Sheila Marryat. The players are presenting a series of ten plays, "Patterns of Loveliness," by Joseph B. Egan. They are a collection of fables and stories from all over the world. The program is intended primarily for school children, but the most unlikely people are listening to it.

#### Corbett Starts Series

On Monday, Dec. 2nd, A. E. Corbett goes on the air with a new series, "Forgotten Men of Canadian History." On Monday Mr. Corbett will give the story of Bishop St. Vallier, the first Catholic Bishop of New France. He founded the Hotel Dieu in Montreal for the poor, and whose doors have never been closed. His pet hate was Count Frontenac, and between them they staged the first Little Theatre row, when Frontenac and his friends produced Moliere's Lastouf, poking fun at the church.

#### Hockey Games Broadcast

Due to the cut in program time,

CKUA is not likely to be broadcasting any of the students' functions, but arrangements have been made to broadcast the hockey games, starting with Thursday's game with Lacombe. These broadcasts will be of especial interest to the visiting teams, but those who can be expected to attend the games in person.

### YEAR BOOK LAYS PLANS FOR FINEST PRODUCTION YET

To be Issued on April 1—Contains 32 Pages More Than Last Year—Staff Enthused

There's things going on around here, folks—deep, dark secrets—whisper, please. Yes, sir, important affairs are brewing in that little office at the end of the Arts corridor. What is it? Surprise of surprises!—the 1936 Year Book and "Bigger and better than ever," says Mr. Hutton—"Blimey" to you—in a very exclusive interview to The Gateway.

#### Beating Around the Bush

A great deal of beating about the bush was done by the aforesaid Mr. Hutton, because after all, folks, it is a surprise—but from the web of entangling The Gateway gleaned a few hints.

"It's laid out substantially on the same lines as last year's book with, of course, some improvements; but it's bigger, 32 more pages—(just think what they can contain)—and it's more colorful."

"When do you expect to have it out," ventured The Gateway reporter.

"Definitely and finally on April 1," stated its Director. "That is, if every one gets their pictures in on time, and this is definitely the last week—no extensions."

So as a friendly suggestion, folks, if you want that manly physique in the Year Book of year books, get it taken this week.

"By the way, how are the pictures coming, Mr. Hutton. Have you many in?"

#### Going Great Guns

"Yes, the studio reports are ahead of last year. Everything's going great guns. More pictures, a larger circulation and the first 42 pages go to press December 1st."

"Well, then, all we have to do is wait for April 1, is that it? How does it feel to be Director of the Year Book?"

#### Enthusiasm

"Well, at best, it's a poor thing—lots of work—but the one ray of sunshine is the enthusiasm shown by the staff."

So let's all join in the enthusiasm, get in the spirit of the crowd, have your picture taken, and help make the finest Year Book in Canada still finer—the good old Evergreen and Gold.

### MR. HEALY TO SPEAK

The regular luncheon meeting of the Commerce Club will be held in the Tuck Shop, Monday, Dec. 2nd, at 12:30 sharp. The special speaker for the occasion will be Mr. D. Healy, language scholar extraordinary, vocalist, world traveller and after-dinner speaker. All Commerce students expecting to pass Spanish this year had better be on hand; all others be on hand anyway.

## ABERHART INTERVIEW FALLS FLAT

Premier Aberhart maintains his status as probably one of the most unaccessible men in creation!

The Gateway after a good deal of trouble to obtain an appointment to see the chief executive of the province finally made the necessary arrangements, and arrived at the Parliament Building in a body consisting of two reporters and two photographers last Wednesday afternoon.

#### Evison Scoop

The reporters and photographers, evisioning one of the year's biggest scoops, wended their way to the office of the Premier through a maze of corridors and passageways, finally arriving at a door marked "Premier," and underneath, "Minister of Education."

Entering into the waiting room of this Holy of Holies, the photographers proceeded to unlimber their cameras and the reporters to put a few last touches on the coming interview. Then a period of waiting followed, during

Premier Refuses to See Gateway Representatives After Appointment Made

which a number of match sticks and finger-nails were chewed to a pulp. Each time a door opened the four hopefuls looked expectantly up, but alas and alack, only some straying or lost stenographer would put in a temporary appearance.

#### Monologue

Finally the waiting became terrific, and the atmosphere charged with boredom. One of the reporters fell to pacing the floor muttering figments of the coming interview.

The monologue was somewhat as follows: "Mr. Aberhart, you are a Queen's man, are you not? In what year did you graduate? How do eastern and western universities compare? Do you contemplate any changes in the organization of Alberta University? What are the chances of the students being

financed in the construction of a Student Union building? What are the chances of a new library building being built on the campus? What do you think of student extra-curricular activities? Do you contemplate any change in the University grant? What do you think of politics amongst students on the campus? What do you think of modern day youth? What are the prospects of the college graduate of the next five years?"

The mutterings finally died away as the reporter fell exhausted into a chair. Silence once again reigned. A door opened. A secretary entered. The pressmen expectantly rose. "I'm sorry, boys. The Premier will be unable to see you. Leaving for the east in a few days you know." Consternation!

#### Fallen Faces

Observing the fallen and dejected countenances, the secretary intimated that he would take down a few of the most important questions and present

### Thinks Secession to be Followed by Withdrawal Transport Facilities

Protective Tariffs Disastrous to West—East Accused of Controlling Government by Virtue of Large Population

#### RAILWAYS DEFENDED

The resolution, "Resolved that Secession from the Dominion of Canada would be in the best interests of the four Western Provinces" was defeated by a fairly substantial majority in the open forum debate of Thursday night, Nov. 28.

The speakers for the affirmative were Stuart Shaw and Sammy Epstein. Those representing the negative were Hugh MacDonald and Harper Prowse.

### PROM TICKETS WELL RECEIVED

Tickets Sold for 180 Couples—Good Time Assured at Annual Formal

All day Thursday Junior Prom tickets were still selling like hot cakes, and an ever-increasing mob was gathering around the executive. Over 135 Juniors and faculty "forked out" their "dough" yesterday, and there were only 45 tickets left for the rest of the University.

Plans have now materialized for five animals, or four animals and a reptile, to act as rendezvous for the dancers. Hung on the walls will be silhouettes of a lion, an elephant, a rhinoceros, a monkey and a boa constrictor—snake to you. So now is the time for you to arrange where you will meet your partner for the next dance. Rhinoceros what we'll do—let's monkey around with the programs, and put the first letter of a certain animal beside the dances, and bo, then we'll be able to find one another, and no lion, either. Favorable comment has been heard on the unique and smart-looking programs, and the selections to be played by the orchestra are well chosen. So everybody is pretty well all set for this greatest of all Junior Proms.

With the last Junior Prom ticket sold at 8:45 a.m. Friday morning, and a large number are still clamoring for the precious ducats.

The first customer showed up at 4:15 a.m. Friday morning at the ticket selling table in the Arts basement, and at intervals of a few minutes, more hopefuls arrived to swell the waiting line.

The total number of tickets sold were 180 couples, thus assuring a capacity crowd at Friday night's annual formal.

### SUNDAY TEA PARTIES TO BECOME A FASHION

A precedent has been established—tea was served in Athabasca at nine o'clock last Sunday. The students of this University now demand that tea be served every Sunday. Due to the efforts of the House Committee, the Sunday tea hour will be possible, and the students should be very grateful to the Committee for making possible such a scheme. Every person is liberally served with coffee and bread and butter (perhaps tea cakes are soon to be included), and judging from the satisfied expressions, the students must enjoy it. It is also rumored that Miss Dodd will allow Pembinites to invite their friends over, and we hope they have a fine party. The next tea party will be next Sunday at nine o'clock, both in Pembina and Athabasca, so don't forget to come—it's free.

### ALUMNUS ADMITTED TO THE BAR

Word has been received from Calgary that W. Harry Rose, a graduate of the University of Alberta, has been admitted to the bar. Mr. Rose secured his Arts degree in 1931 and his degree in Law two years later. During his senior year he was President of the Law Society. Another Alberta graduate making his way into the legal profession. Congratulations, Harry!

them for the consideration of the Premier in his moments of leisure. This offer being accepted, while the photographers sorrowfully folded up their cameras, the reporters communicated some of the outstanding thought-provokers to the obliging secretary.

The dejected procession filed melancholy out in the hall. "H—?" quoth one member of the quartet, "just another story gone East."

Mr. Costigan opened the debate by stating the resolution and introducing the leader of the affirmative, Mr. Shaw.

#### Map Best Argument

Mr. Shaw claimed that the best argument for the affirmative was the map of Canada; that the great barrier running north and south above the Great Lakes was a natural division of Canada into two parts. He referred to this barrier as "a thousand miles of marsh and Christmas trees."

He next dealt with the fact that Eastern Canada is fundamentally an industrial country, whereas the West is almost entirely agricultural with one main product—wheat.

At this point the radiator seemed to disagree with Mr. Shaw's statements, and the latter attempted in vain to make himself heard above its noisy deprecations. Finally, however, someone in the audience who evidently believed Mr. Shaw to represent everything that is fine and good, broke all the laws pertaining to freedom of speech by attacking the radiator and choking it off, even to the last gurgling. Mr. Shaw, after taking a suspicious look at Mr. Prowse, resumed his discourse.

#### East Controls Government

He pointed out that the present economic system cannot provide for the best interests of both Eastern and Western Canada. The protective tariffs which eastern manufacturers demand are disastrous for the West, but we cannot remedy this, as the east by virtue of its larger population, controls the Government.

The political and social reasons for this break were next enumerated by Mr. Shaw, and he concluded in saying that Western Canada needed no eastern seaport when it already had one of such excellence as Vancouver.

Mr. MacDonald, the leader of the negative and the second speaker, accused Mr. Shaw of having given no figures to back up his arguments.

Mr. Shaw retaliated by saying that no statistics were necessary to back accepted facts. He believed that he could safely say that the Sahara Desert was dry without the necessity of quoting the rainfall figures.

#### Railways Championed

Mr. MacDonald then proceeded to defend Canadian railways. (Mr. Shaw had referred to them disapprovingly.) He showed by statistics that their rates were cheaper than those of the States, and that they were suffering a yearly deficit, and hence could not reduce their rates further.

He stated that the East was financing the West, and that as far as racial differences went, the French-Canadians were the ones who had opened the way for English settlers.

Mr. Epstein, second speaker for the affirmative, dealt chiefly with the financial aspects involved by such a step, and the idea of bickering with the U.S. and the East for free trade.

Mr. Prowse declared that Canadian transportation facilities are not bettered by those of any other country, and that if the West seceded from the East, which controls these facilities, our

(Continued on Page 6)

### I SAW THIS WEEK

"Fatty" MacDonald acting guardian to three or four friends at the Shasta on Saturday evening.

Bonn Smith en route to the MacDonald Supper Dance.

A Girl in a Red Dress at the House Dance who is definitely not a Varsity girl—the Freshman who took her better look out or he'll be in hot water.

Irene James enjoying the Garrett-Olson bout on Friday night.

Blimey Hutton making merry on Friday night.

Bob Anderson at the House Dance with a graduate—true blue, eh, Bob?

Fraser McAllister having a little trouble with flashlight bulbs on Saturday night.

Ken Roth comparing Pi Phi's here and there.

Harper Prowse confessing—he has taken a Pembinites out!

## INTER-YEAR PLAYS TONIGHT - 8:15 p.m. SHARP





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published Twice Weekly  
by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32028.

## FRIDAY EDITION

Editor-in-Chief ..... Oliver Tomkins  
Editor ..... Philip Battrum  
Associate Editors ..... T. Costigan, R. Samuels, J. Corley  
News Editor ..... Frank Swanson  
Women's Editor ..... Minerva Jacox  
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## ABOLISH THE STUDENTS' UNION?

We have always in the past tried to keep away from the discussion of trivial topics as much as possible, but there has recently come to our attention a trivial subject that has suggested possibilities. There has been circulating for the last two days, mainly in the law libraries, a petition calling for a general meeting of the Students' Union to discuss a resolution to the effect that the Students' Union be abolished and a complete and entire change be made in the management of student affairs at the University. At press time only thirty signatures had been obtained. A minimum of fifty signatures is required to have a special meeting of the Students' Union called. There are some sixty students in the law libraries and some fourteen hundred in the University. Apparently there is a lack of interest in the petition.

We admit that the situation at the University at present is deplorable. The majority of the students take no interest in extra-curricular activities. They have no interest in the administration of their affairs whatsoever. Individually, they have no interest in the welfare of the study body as a whole. When it appeared that the rugby team was not up to the standard set by last year's team, support immediately disappeared. When the House Committee started its dictatorial policy, they chose a very opportune moment, the student body, with the exception of a small handful, being asleep. Fourteen fines were levied. Three appeals were made. The students failed to put up a fight for the rights that they should have much more jealously guarded. Then last week another invasion of the rights of student self-government was made when the Provost refused to permit the broadcast of further House Dance music. The students expressed a regret and much was said around the halls, but no action was taken. Our elected representatives have taken no interest in our welfare. They have not, as a matter of fact, held a meeting for the past three weeks. The Gateway is said to be dead. It probably is. There hasn't been a really snappy letter on student affairs written to the Editor this year that has succeeded in arousing even so much as a reply. Our initiation has been taken away from us and the Freshmen strut about as if they owned the place. The seniors wander around with heads bowed in shame, and wish the Freshmen did own it, having reluctantly come to the conclusion that apart from scholastic rating, this isn't a university. It's merely a glorified prep school.

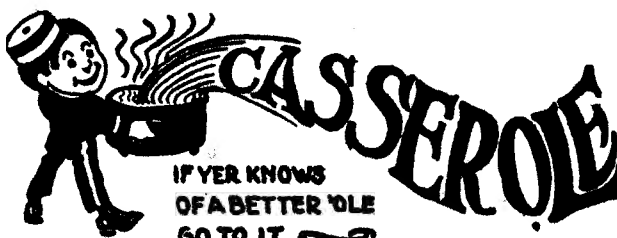
It is only natural that, with such a situation in existence, the question of abolition of the Students' Union should arise. It is more than surprising that with such a petition in circulation so few people should offer to place their signatures to it.

But the students themselves cannot be held altogether liable for their lack of interest in student affairs. They haven't really been given anything to be interested in. It is a well known fact that the students at this institution of learning have always had to be forcibly aroused. A great deal of responsibility for the situation lies at the door of the Students' Union. They have so far been unable to bring forth a single constructive or destructive idea. We have been trying in our own small way to create a little enthusiasm, and we are forced to admit that we have been unsuccessful. But the Council has not been trying.

In that respect we hope the petition will be able to serve some purpose, if it at least awakens the student authorities to a realization that they have a task on their hands, and that it is not as plain and easy sailing as it seems to be.

But the purpose towards which it is directed is a rather unfortunate one. Stop to consider for a moment the University of Alberta without a Students' Union. All organizations become immediately inactive, Literary Society, Athletics, Evergreen and Gold, Gateway. They would have to be rebuilt on a self-supporting basis. For a student body so lacking in initiative as this one, the reconstruction of these organizations would be an impossible job. You petitioners, who are the leaders of this group of disinterested students, will probably say, why rebuild? But we may safely say that there are probably none of you who would not regret the passing of the organizations mentioned above.

As to this sudden burst of action on the part of students, we would suggest they turn their interests to construction rather than destruction. Or are they like all radicals and soap-box orators—merely destructive in their criticisms?



IF YOU KNOW  
OF A BETTER  
GO TO IT

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown, sleepily—Lead, hell! I just dealt."

## Dirty Story

Ring around the bathtub, fourteen inches high,  
Four and twenty boarders, all as sore as I.  
When the door is opened, the bird that leaves a ring  
Is going to be as sad a sight as the guy who used to sing.

## Drunk's Dictionary

Fizz—type of hat worn by Asiatics.  
Bar—large, hairy animal.  
Swizzle—type of chair.  
Absinthe—cutting class.  
Gin—physical education.  
Whiskey—a facial growth.  
Drunk—the main part of a tree.  
Goblet—a young sailor.  
Stein—mark left by a glass on the table.  
Hennessy—the state where Memphis is located.  
Mix—Irishman.  
Bottle—a combat.  
Tokay—affirmative expression, as "tokay by me."  
Rum—singular of what a house is divided into.  
Rye—extremely sour taste.  
Sherry—what Washington chopped down.  
Kummel—large animal with humps.  
Set-ups—morning exercises.  
Bacardi—rear part of yard on which house is built.

Jim Stafford rounded the bend at close to forty. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. Jim put his arm around Nan's waist, but she drew away.

"It's all very nice," sighed Miss Evans, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

## Poem to Flusie

A bunch of germs were hitting it up  
In the bronchial saloon;  
Two bugs in the edge of the larynx  
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.  
Back in the teeth, in a solo game,  
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;  
And watching his pulse was his light of love—  
The lady that's known as Flu.

Harry Howey (on farming field trip)—Do insects ever get into your corn out here?

Farmer (Phil McLaughlin)—Yeah, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway.

Hotel Clerk—Why don't you wipe the mud off your shoes when you come in here?  
Man from Kentucky—What shoes?

Woman (phoning to desk clerk)—There's a rat in my room.  
Hotel Clerk—Make him come down and register.

Bird in tree—Here comes that farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. I wonder if he'll recognize us?

Second Ditto—I don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye.

Harry—Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?  
Phil—She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco.

Talbot—The Phi Delt bathtub has been disconnected for a month!

Miller—Why haven't they fixed it?  
Talbot—Nobody's found out about it yet.

Mandy—Dat am suttonly a hot lil' flivver you got dere, George.

George—It sho am, baby, and I's gonna take you out in it as soon as I gets my licentious plates.

## A Story With a Moral

'Twas in a little village school,  
One dusty summer day,  
The teacher stood before his class,  
And thus began to say:

"I wonder little girls an dboys,  
Can anyone explain,  
Why when I stand upon my head,  
Blood rushes to my brain;

Yet when I stand or walk around  
Upon my feet, not head,  
The blood goes not unto my feet,  
Now can you tell me, Ted?"

Up stood a bashful red-cheeked boy,  
And leaned upon his seat:  
"It's 'cause there's not an empty place,  
I mean, sir, in your feet!"

—D. T. G.



Our files contain a number of letters which are sent to us from time to time for publication in The Gateway. Many of these have not been printed because the writers have failed to give their names. Names and addresses will be treated as confidential, if so desired, and only the "nom de plume" will be published. However, the Editor must be in possession of the real name.

November 26, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Mac Jones and Doug Sharpe, executives of the Freshman class, have during the last two weeks been requesting the entry of a Freshman team in the interfaculty league. In consideration of their efforts on this particular issue, I would like to make public the reasons for our refusal.

The managers of the respective teams and myself feel that such an entry would disrupt the league and cause much dissatisfaction.

As the league now stands we have over one hundred players making up the nine teams, and since our budget is very limited it is difficult to keep an adequate supply of sticks alone on hand. An additional team would necessarily mean an increase in our budget.

Our rink hours are limited to ten per week, which would not be sufficient to carry out our proposed schedule with the addition of another team. Such a precedent might possibly lead to the organization of other class teams, and in lieu of such an event we could hardly refuse.

Thus in view of the above-mentioned reasons we have deemed it advisable to disallow the entry of a Fresh team.

I understand that a number of the Freshmen have been staying away from practices expecting a class team to be organized. Any players who have done so will still have the opportunity of making a place on the teams of their respective faculties, and will be welcomed by the managers.

Respectfully yours,

ARCH. McEWEN,  
Manager, Interfac Hockey.

University Campus,

November 24, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I must commend you on last Friday's Gateway. It was indeed a masterpiece of setup. But no matter how hard people try to be perfect and have perfect things, there are faults and people who find fault.

The Sport page in The Gateway is the weeds—the most exalted piece of hokey ever perpetrated in a college paper. I understand The Gateway has quite a large exchange with other universities; what are these other universities going to think of a paper who devotes almost an entire section of its sport page to a kindergarten pastime of heaving people into snowbanks, and gives four or five lines to the fact that the University men's basketball team won a game? That was tremendous news, entitled to full page headline, and here The Gateway only gives it a few lines.

When a Varsity basketball team wins a game it is time to give the team a write up. What it needs is real support, not a notice the size of an obituary. You have the reporters. Surely Malone could spend a little bit of time giving University sports a break instead of written drivel.

—R. C. H.

November 27.

Editor, The Gateway.

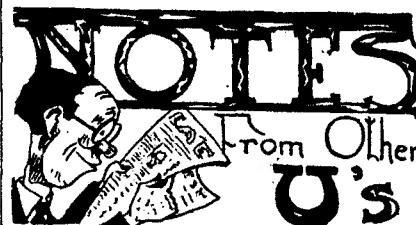
Dear Sir,—Yours with no duCt on my shoes—Oh Allah! Allah! there is no God! I give up!

Just because I am taking Medicine, must you Anatomize even my wearing apparel? Or are you just naturally mixing up my feet with my typhoid or something?

Well, cheerio! Go ahead and do your D—est. I do not care what you print!

Yours, just plainly, this time,

A. N. WHITESIDE.



Addis Ababa.—Ethiopia may be a backward nation, but they have gone America one better, by putting to a good use our southern blue songs. As the troops march to war the band plays "St. Louis Blues." And do they fight!

The prosecuting counsel was having a little trouble with a rather difficult witness. Exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir, more than half of them," replied the man in the box.

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them," asked counsel.

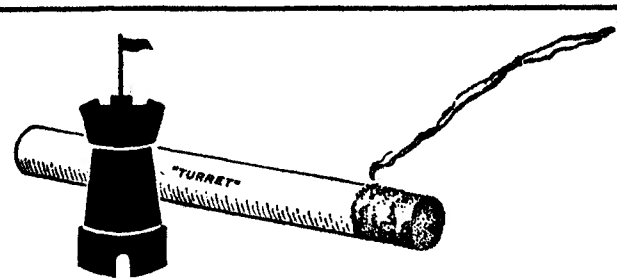
"If it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of 'em put together," came defiantly from the witness.—Mail and Empire.

## Education vs. Religion

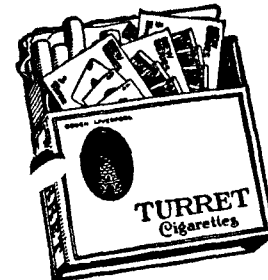
University life does not breed atheism, according to a survey conducted among 1,000 members of the 1935 graduating class at the University of Washington. Only about two per cent. professed no religion after having gone to college. Fifty-six per cent. of the graduating seniors were members of churches and ten per cent. joined churches while in college.—North Carolina Daily Tar Heel.

## Colleges and Prisons

"America is fast becoming a land of prisons and colleges." From figures at hand one is tempted to believe this statement, however far-fetched it may



... All because of  
finer tobaccos!

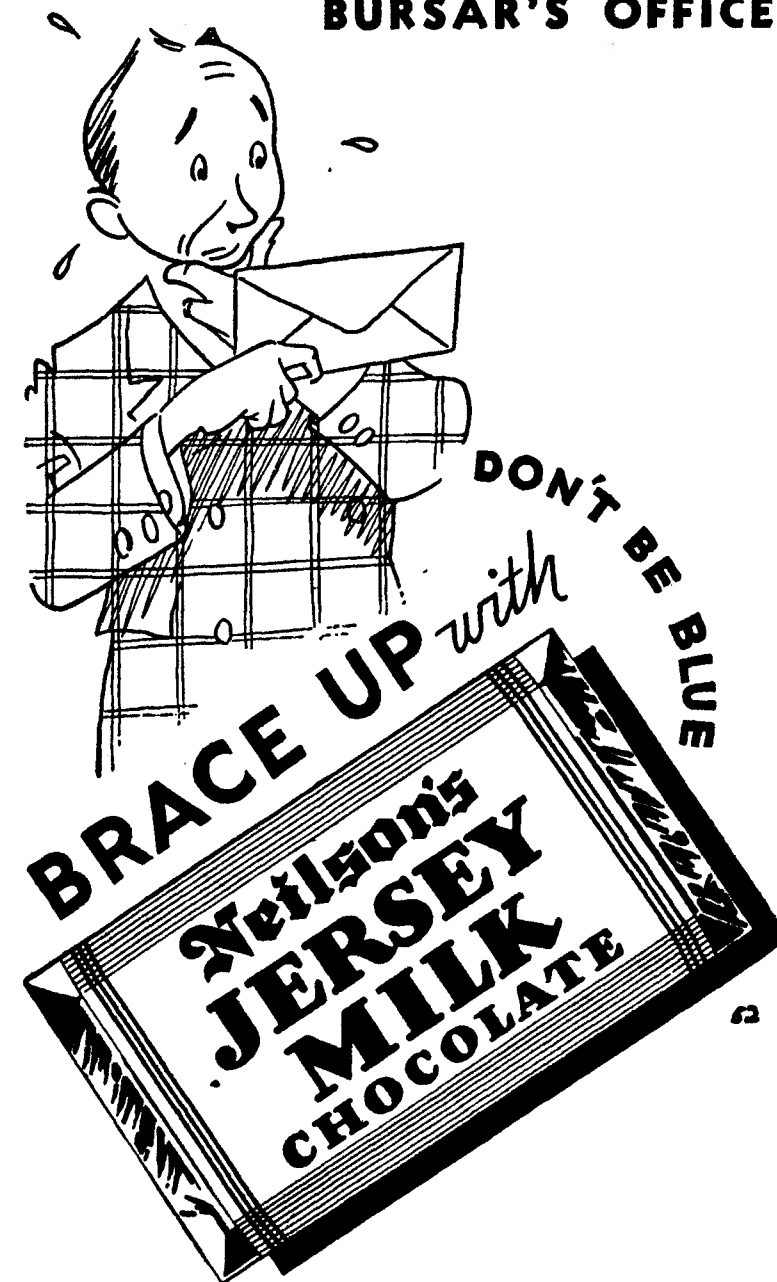


Turret's finer flavour, which smokers praise so highly, is due to the better tobaccos that go into these cigarettes. When others like them so much, it's reasonable to suggest that you, too, will like Turrets better!

Quality and Mildness  
**Turret**  
CIGARETTES  
SAVE THE VALUABLE POKER HANDS

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

## WHEN YOU GET AN OMINOUS LOOKING LETTER FROM THE BURSAR'S OFFICE



THE BEST  
MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

seem initially. Statistics show that our increasing number of prisons is becoming more and more crowded and at the same time our colleges and universities enroll more and more students every year.—Miami Daily.

One definite value of a college education was proved recently at Ohio State, where the dean of women asked women what they considered were the most desirable qualities for a co-ed to possess. Upper classment voted that, next to a good family, good morals were the most important. But, according to freshmen, good morals was No. 14 on the list.—Southern California Trojan.

There is no super-heavy element 93. Some time ago, the scientific world was amazed at the announcement of the discovery of an element not listed in Mendelejeff's Periodic Table. If such an element had been found, it would have revolutionized chemistry. However, the Yugoslavian scientist withdrew his claim.

The tiny speck of yellow powder which had been isolated from pitchblende, the material from which radium is obtained, was tungsten. It was in a form not easily identified, which possibly accounts for the erroneous report.

The atomic theory originated nearly 2,400 years ago.

Democritus, an early Greek philosopher, was the founder of our present atomic theory, although it was actually originated by another Greek, Leucippus. The two men conceived of an eternal movement of atoms, infinite in number and shape, which composed all matter. And then Atom and Eve—no, that's another story. . .

Freshman I.Q. Results Revealed  
by Thorpe

Freshmen attending Walla Walla College have an average I.Q. of 105, according to results secured from the intelligence tests given to 132 freshmen during the registration week, under the direction of Dr. Louis P. Thorpe, head of the department of education.

I.Q.'s for the boys average 105.5; girls, 104.5.

The average freshman age is 19.1. Girls average 18.7 and boys 19.5.

The same test reveals that of the 75 possible scores an average of 47 were answered correctly. Boys had an average score of 47.6 and 46.5.—Collegian.

On dépense sa santé pour obtenir la fortune, et ensuite, sa fortune pour obtenir la santé.—L'Unité.

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## POT POURRI

By Percival Hodnut

**Plutocratic Percival Keeps His Chin Above the Crab Long Enough to Note a Few Things About Edmonton and Other Places.**

After having done so for years under the same conditions, there was no good reason why we (editorial) should return our column to the pages of The Gateway. So we've done it.

There was a time when editors fell on our neck to have us fill this paper with a column of prose or asterisk poetry, but the advertisers now fill even more space than we were wont to. As a result, we no longer know the feature editor, let alone the Editor-in-Chief (we like the capitals—the position was ours once). Timidly, then, we venture back on nerve only, with no good excuse for expecting or even caring to have our words printed once more.

### Big Business Gets Gallant

An overtown parcel delivery firm advertises: "Any Complaints re Service or Charges will be Appreciated by the Management." Warned by the old-world courtliness of that invitation, we sat down to concoct a few complaints, but found it impossible to find bases for them. Previously, we had said a few nasty things "re Service," but these had been said to ourself. After reading the Management's statement, we somehow felt that our guns had been spiked: who could complain when complaints are appreciated!

We decided that a psychologist had charge of the delivery company's advertising. The firm will continue to handle our business.

### How I Adolesee You!

It was with something near keen delight that we noted Aimee (Not-So-Simple) McPherson's classification of the Women Haters' Club. To our mind, the club's sole object has been to gain the maximum of publicity among what they refer to as "bims," with the ab-

solute minimum of effort. Truly titled, the club is the Women Baiters—nothing else. What other, more male-like men gain by the old and respected methods of exerting their personalities and applying Hair Booster to their chests, the club attempts to achieve by pansy ("adolescent") schemes, which "aft gang ugly," as we think a poet named Burns put it.

"The Little Giant Hair Booster."—Advt.)

### War to End War to End War

It's getting beyond the amusing stage—this habit of consulting the local major-generals for the correct slant on methods of securing world peace, on the significance of international news items, and whether or not Canada would aid Great Britain in a "next war," etc., etc. What answers do the newspapers expect (or should it be, "want")?

Sir Arthur Currie and a mere handful of other military officials have materially shown themselves desirous of securing permanent peace, regardless of that peace making militia pay no longer necessary. That, we suppose, is natural: most soldiers are trained to destroy, not to construct. Human values, society's progress, rarely enter their war discussions.

As one lady remarked, "Certainly, they don't look beyond destruction and methods of achieving it. Most military men have one-track minds; if this weren't so, they wouldn't be soldiers."

(All this ought to put us solid with the Women's International League for Peace, but we have our doubts concerning major-generals.)

There'll be plenty of built-up propaganda before we are (if we are) asked to vote in favor of or against the next war to end war. It's being spread now.

### Keep a Watch on the Rhyme

Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be anyone to stop us submitting a poem in the modern manner (Pathogenic School):  
Gracefully she danced for me—  
Stopped to beg a kiss;  
Ruefully I turned from she—  
Handed her the liss  
Terine.—Another Advert.  
That should be enough for now, we think.

### Revelation

"I hope you'll never know," I heard her say,  
And, in the bitter darkness of her eyes,  
I saw a sombre painting of the past,  
Done all in heavy greys and hopeless black.

With now and then a flash of red—for pain.  
I wept.

"I hope you'll never know," the echo came  
And swept its way into what was myself—  
A self which swayed like any slender tree

With branches stirred by some harsh, biting wind.  
"I hope you'll never know," I heard again

And wept. —Beverly Frankel.

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## TIMIDITY

By Fraser P. Macdonald

"I love to play in the mud," said he.  
"I love to stand there in my bare feet  
And feel the soft warm mud  
Ooze  
Through my toes.

I love to feel the mud against my legs  
As they sink slowly down."

And so he ran to the marsh,  
And stood in the mud in his bare feet.  
Slowly he sank, and all the while  
He felt only the delicious softness;  
Until too late. . . .  
In vain he tried to struggle.  
Too far in softness had he sunk,  
And it grasped him like a steel trap.  
And he disappeared in  
The mud.

I . . .  
I too like to play in the mud,  
And feel it squashing through my toes.  
But I stand with one foot on the bank,  
And I cling tightly  
To the blossomy boughs of the trees above.

## U. of A. Student Tells of Summer Experiences Abroad

By Antony N. Whiteside

(Continued from last week)

The next jump was to Aachen, formerly known as Aix-la-Chapelle, where I stayed with friends.

The most outstanding thing in Aachen is the Rom (cathedral to you) which is a most amazing mixture of Gothic and Moorish architecture, with a chunk built on for luck by Charles the Great. Despite its hybrid architecture it really is a very beautiful edifice, with some of the finest mosaic work in Europe inside. Another of Aachen's attractions is the Hotel Quellenhof, in which there is a natural hot mineral swimming bath, and which is full of frightfully rich and frightfully rickety foreigners—mostly English. The best parts of the Quellenhof are the dance floor and the bar.

Actually, I was staying in a suburb of Aachen, called Kohlscheid, with the director of mines for the district, so I was fortunate enough to be taken over one of Germany's largest coal mines. Having worked only in a small mine in the Drumheller valley, this was quite a revelation. There are over two thousand men employed, three shifts of eight hours each, and not a speck of dust anywhere. Everything is done by machinery, and all the coal is washed from machine to machine by powerful streams of water. The way the Germans run their plants is a marvel of efficiency.

The first thing which strikes one in Germany is the number of uniforms. Everyone wears some sort of a uniform, starting at the age of four or five. Firstly there are the S.S. (Schutzstaffel) or blackshirts of the regular army; then there are the S.R. who wear a brown uniform—these are the so-called storm-troopers, an organization which corresponds, as far as I can make out, with our non-permanent militia except that they have very many compulsory parades, wear their uniforms on every possible occasion, and have various privileges, such as the power to arrest a Jew if he is talking too loudly in a cafe! Any young man who does not belong to either of the above-mentioned, has to wear the grey uniform of the Arbeitsdienst, or working camp, and march around with a spade over his shoulder. These working camps absorb all surplus young men, who are forced to work in them for one year. They are run on strictly military lines and their headquarters are constantly guarded by a stern-faced, uniformed young man with a shovel over his shoulder, just like a rifle. Everything is done with a great clicking of heels.

The above three organizations absorb all young men over the age of 18, and practically every German youth of under that age belongs to the Hitler Junger. These boys wear a uniform similar to that of the storm-trooper, and spend much of their spare time parading or going to camp. They all carry a dagger, and apparently are encouraged to be even more deadly, as I personally know one boy of fifteen who has a collection of some ten or eleven revolvers—a hobby which is apparently encouraged as far as I can make out. Even the smallest little men of four, five and six strut around in uniforms and go to camp periodically, and the girls also have their own organization—the B.D.M. (Bund Deutsche Mädchen) and they certainly look smart.

All these organizations spend a large amount of time in all kinds of exercise. The whole German religion seems to be a worship of physical culture and sport, and Germany is certainly building up a nation of fine young athletes. I was later to see some of the results of this athletic mania at the International student games at Budapest, where the German team very nearly took the honours from the Hungarians. I understand that many of the University students have quite a hard time getting through their exams on account of the fact that they have very little time for private study after they have put in their full quota of parades, and in any case, they are too tired to study after their bursts of Nazi zeal. I have this on the authority of several students.

While on the subject of Nazi zeal, I must say that I was amazed by the change of attitude of most of the educated Germans in the past two years. Two years ago, while I was in England, I met quite a number of Germans who, at heart, were anti-Nazi, though they admitted themselves that they were afraid to let anyone in Germany know it. This summer I met several of those

same people, and they have now been completely converted to the Nazi policies, and as far as I can find out that is the case all through Germany. In fact, I can quite understand their change of heart, for, even after only seven weeks in Germany, I found myself becoming quite converted, and thought nothing of saying "Heil Hitler" instead of "Guten Tag"! I am not here to give a dissertation, pro and con, on Nazism, but I do think Hitler has brought about a wonderful change in the German outlook, and there are many good things to be said for that most remarkable man, who has brought such a great nation so completely under his domination in so short a time. My next leg on the trip through Germany was to Köln, and, as ill-luck would have it, I arrived there the day that the local storm-troops were having their Kristapartita, or party get-together. The only room I could get in town was on the top floor of the Hotel Fürstenthof, overlooking the Romplatz, where all these storm-troopers were doing their stuff. All night long they drove round and round the Cathedral in large lorries singing the Horstwessel and other songs peculiar to all staunch Nazis, interspersing their melodic efforts with a vociferous "Heil, Heil, Heil!" every fifteen or twenty minutes. How long this kept up I do not know, but they were still going strong at 6 a.m., when I finally got to sleep.

Cologne is a very attractive city—normally. However, when I was there it inundated with hordes of tourists, mainly gum-chewing, ultra-nasal Americans, and that terrible type of English tourists who travel in droves, short pants and Tyrolean braces, and who shout at the top of their voices at any "foreigner" who cannot speak English. Why 90 per cent. of American tourists in Europe speak and behave as they do is beyond me, because they are not a bit like that at home. However, the Cathedral and the river front in Cologne really are worth seeing, although just at present the Rom is being renovated which gives it a rather peculiar, mangy appearance.

### (Continued next week)

### Specialization Outmoded?

"Students should cease to prepare for any particular field, but should concentrate upon acquiring a cultural background which will enable them to fit into any sort of position, declared Mr. Gerard S. Nollen, newly-elected president of the National Life Insurance Association. — Grinnell Scarlet and Black.

It was a negro bank. The staff and the customers were all colored. One day a depositor came in to withdraw ten dollars. That was an important transaction, so the teller passed him on to the manager, and the following dialogue took place:  
"When did you deposit dat ten dollars?"  
"Eleven years ago."  
"Eleven years! Man, dat was eaten up long ago by de interest."—Brunswickan.

## MENTAL PEREGRINATIONS

By Butch Maguire

Isn't our Gateway growing? 'Twill soon have all the trimmings, what with photogravure section and all. Now, if they'd only run Pop-eye. How about printing a few more of them, though? Last week we Maguires were unable to get any, and for the last edition, a trip to the Printing Department was necessary. Couldn't the Enforcement Committee or someone do something about those who grab three or four copies?

Speaking of Enforcement, what happened to all the pother re House Committee? Was it all settled according to precedent on Nov. 11? Or did our countryman silence his opponents with his cutting missive to The Gateway?

Doesn't Dr. Rowan wield a scathing stylo when he sets his mind to it? Last week's letter should have made someone curl up like a dead amoeba.

If we had to turn down CFRN's kind offer, couldn't it have been done before arrangements were all made. Maybe house dance music isn't fit for broadcasting, but CFRN is owed an apology anyway.

After reading the last dozen or so Casserole sections, which we always read first, of course, we are tempted to ask, "Who is this Harry Howey, anyway?" Harry is certainly holding down the joke column, and that's a sign he's popular—we never made it once! More power to you, Harry.

Doesn't the Year Book Director make the cutest little babe you ever saw?

(Hope he never catches us alone anywhere, 'cause he's bigger than we are.)

We had wondered at the many peculiar depressions indenting the snowbanks along our walks, but the Sport Box clears that up for us. We agree with Mr. Malone. Some fun!

We hope Mr. Bishop, C.W.H., is right when he says the type of Man Aimee McPherson has had dealings with is not to be found on our campus. We do not admire Miss McPherson, her methods, or her so-called private life. Hallelujah!

After an egg-laying contest in the city the paper at Michigan State carried the following headline:

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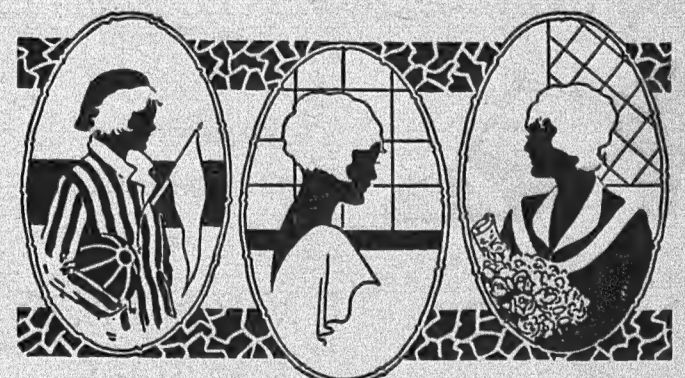
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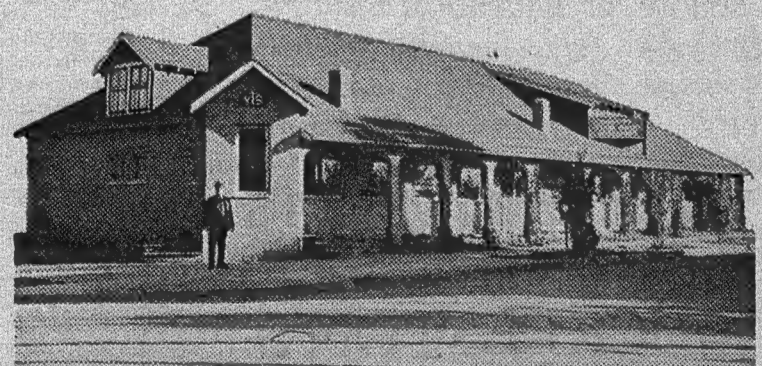
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## Co-Eds Do Battle With Profs in Titanic Struggle

Irene Barnett Inquires Sweetly of Dean Howes

BARNETTS STAR

Referees Were Tiny Levesque and Frank Layton

A gallery of enthusiastic fans was thrilled on Tuesday evening by the two most picturesque basketball games of the season.

Eight smiling and confident professors clad in vari-colored shorts and snappy berets, warmed up with smooth shooting drill. Irene Barnett was heard to inquire sweetly of Dean Howes, "Would you like a stretcher for your men?" To which the manager of the faculty team modestly replied, "I'd suggest a pulmotor."

Each game consisted of two fifteen-minute halves, but whatever may have been lacking in length of time was made up for by speed and thrills. Referees Tiny Levesque and Frankie Layton were busy handing out penalties (always a sign of fast play). Irene Barnett and Jake Jamieson were the high scorers in the first game.

### First Half

Jane Macdonald got the tip-off, but lost the ball to Jones, who dribbled

### Have You Ever Been Compared to a St. Bernard Dog?

Found at last! One professor at Northwestern whose heart cannot be won by being the bright and shining light of the class. Prof. Bergen Evans of the Department of English, admitted that his joy comes from his F students. "I like the big, helpless, shaggy things," he said, "they remind me of St. Bernards." Why didn't someone tell us this before?

Professor Evans, speaking before the Aletheia Literary Society Wednesday, talked on the trials of professors. He stated that correcting exams is the bane of the professor's existence, and added that a professor lasts through only four years of final exams, and after that he is fit only to do crossword puzzles.

### Undersea Gun

A French inventor has designed a suit and a gun which will enable sportsmen to hunt on the bottom of the sea.—McGill Daily.

"After this, when you enter my room please knock, I might be dressing." "I don't need to knock, I always look in through the keyhole first."—Red and White.

furiously down the floor outside the sidelines. He woke up to call a foul on I. Barnett for over-enthusiastic guarding, and Jones chalked up the first point for the panting pedagogues. Gregson was next caught up on a personal, but the Co-eds failed to convert the free throw. Jake Jamieson came into action to loop a long shot from centre floor. Irene Barnett opened the scoring for the ladies, and Jane Macdonald slipped in a neat one. Jake once more tore down the floor to find the hoop, and had just breath enough to gasp "Time out," whereupon the fans proclaimed "Jake is a sissy." Irene Barnett three more times found the iron ring. One minute in the "cooler" was her penalty for making too many baskets, and the whistle called half-time with the Co-eds leading by 15-7.

### Second Half

Furious for revenge, the faculty quintet renewed their onslaught. Jake came out of huddle or sumpin' with Jane Macdonald to once more bag the grapefruit. Cantor climbed into the limelight by adding another two points to the men's rapidly increasing score. Not to be outdone, Taylor set the twine swinging with a smooth "MacBurney" side shot. Winnie Algar slid through the defense to score, and cheers greeted another ring warmer from Taylor. With four minutes to go cries of "More spinach" urged the gasping players on to even greater speed. Floy Brent and I. Barnett led the attack against the hard checking defense game of the opposing team. Referee Levesque again took the floor and ordered a throw in for the P.P.'s as a penalty for too many girls near the basket. Jones skimmed the hoop, the referee called "basket," the timekeeper blew the whistle, and the greatest game of the year was ended.

### The lineups:

Puffin Profs—Jones g., Warren g., MacPhail g., Gregson f., Neathy c., Campbell g., Cantor f., Taylor f., Jamieson f.; Dean Howes, manager.

Varsity Co-eds—W. Algar f., J. James f., J. Macdonald f., I. Barnett c., E. Barnett g., F. Brent g., K. Rose g.

Officials—Tiny Levesque, Frank Layton.

## ONE SATURDAY NIGHT

It began with one of those double-feature shows—simply packed with good old melodrama. Villains with and without mustaches; heroines in negligees; sobbing orphans; irate mothers-in-law; gangsters galore; high class and low class murders, the former being committed in the bedrooms, the latter in gambling dens. We sat through it, too fascinated to do anything but gasp. Which is apparently what the management expected—because we noticed later that it was thrilling "to the last gasp." My-oh-My! these press agents.

Home again and restored to our normal intelligence, we relaxed and listened to the radio. Perhaps we were feeling over-critical, but as "Cheek to Cheek" lapsed into "When I'm Too Old for Dreaming," and from thence to "Old Faithful" we could stand it no longer—grabbing a coat we lunged forth into the night.

Midnight saw us in a hamburger shop, steeped in the aroma of onions and grease. Somehow or other it seemed a fitting ending to a moronic evening—in retrospect one enjoys being a moron. Or do you disagree?

## SEAWEED

Our first scrap of oceanic driftwood is a historic play aptly entitled "Napoleon at Elba" or "Can He, Of Corsican." Or, perhaps, your intellectual highnesses would appreciate a nursery rhyme such as—

"Mary had a little rabbit and a bear,  
We often saw her rabbit  
But we never saw her neighbor."

Speaking of versifying, some of the best examples of dry and sardonic humor are found in epitaphs. No doubt there have been inhumane, perverted creatures who were amused by death itself. In the face of its all-encompassing mystery that is somewhat hard to comprehend, but we can all appreciate the back-biting sentiments on the monuments to some of the departed. Let us come to the point with an example or two:

"Here lies the father of twenty-nine,  
He would have had more  
But he didn't have time."

Perhaps you would prefer something less ribald and more subtle, such as:

"Here lies an atheist  
All dressed up  
And no place to go."

This one gives to the world in a nutshell the history of the end of a mountaineer—

"He called Bill Smith a liar."

While we are on the subject of life and its companion death, from a famous comedian to Med students comes a touch of mirth turning the cause of suffering to a cause for laughter. "A dear friend of mine is seriously ill in bed with angina pectoris, and it is some hospital which puts two in a bed."

A discussion of Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" is somewhat belated, but it is too excellent a book to be ignored any longer. The character of Marie Antoinette is neither exploited nor defended. Facts are presented following the modern trend of realism and frankness, bringing the nineteenth century up to date. The book is a blend of the historical novel and autobiography, stressed psychologically.

Mr. Zweig has the gift of including all the phases of a famous career, yet making even the repetitions in the cycle of a human's life interesting and vital. The scientific analysis of the causes of events and actions is startling, but should be appreciated by enlightened minds.

We have not stressed sufficiently the human warmth and engrossing action of this woman, Queen of France, but reviews and criticisms tell their own tale of worth.

### College Offers Course in Taming the Hair

An intriguing science has been introduced on the campus of Oklahoma A. & M. College, known as partology, or the psychology of hair parting. The innovation is the direct result of an extensive research of hair parting which revealed many different types of the art at the Sooner school.

A loose classification of the vast variety of parts has been set forth in order to give collegians a taste of the new science.

It was found that the jagged inebriated side part is the most popular in the field. It is characterized by its well-meaning aim from one side of the forehead to the back corner on the corresponding side. As developed by most hair parters, however, it has more resemblance to the path of a measuring worm crawling on its side.

Great pains are taken by many hair parters in bringing about the desired effect. Strange tools and the compass have been employed by some, while others have learned that successful parting can be done only when stretching flat on the stomach before a full-length mirror.

Classes in partology are expected to be formed in many schools next term, but because of the novelty of the science instructors in the field will serve part time only.—Daily Northwestern.

## TERRIFYING FABLE ON A MODERN THEME

By Stoddard King

There once was a lady,  
Gracious and sweet,  
Grapefruit and lettuce  
Were all she would eat;  
Lettuce for luncheon  
And grapefruit for dinner,  
Because the dear lady  
Desired to grow thinner.

Grapefruit by carloads  
And lettuce by bales,  
And ten ounces missing  
Each day by the scales.  
Flitting about  
Like the bees of Hymettus  
She always came back  
To her grapefruit and lettuce.

And so she got thinner,  
But found to her grief  
She'd lost all her longing  
For sirloin of beef.  
Nothing could please her  
But spinach and sals,  
Like Nebuchadnezzar  
She lived upon grass

The more she ate lettuce  
The thinner she grew,  
Till, walking one day  
Where a hurricane blew,  
She was whirled across country,  
Around and around,  
Got lost in a haystack  
And never was found!

### ROLLICKING STAVE

(Sung by Uncle Obijah on his sixty-seventh birthday)  
When I was young and in my teens,  
Ti-diddley-i-de-o,  
I thought that all the girls were queens,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.  
And now I'm old and ready to quit,  
I'll make just one remark, to wit:  
My notions haven't changed a bit,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.

When I was young and full of spring,  
Ti-diddley-i-de-o,  
I'd sit up late at night and sing,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.  
And now my voice is not so strong,  
But when the crowd is given to song  
I cackle my durnedest all night long,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.

When I was supple in all my joints,  
Ti-diddley-i-de-o,  
I'd argue all disputed points,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.  
Now I'm old and a trifle slow,  
But when an argument starts to grow,  
Get me started, and off I go,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.

The moral of the song I've sung,  
Ti-diddley-i-de-o,  
Is, form your tastes while you are young,  
Tiddley-i-de-o.  
And when your youth is left behind,  
I'll bet a dollar that you will find  
You'll seldom have to change your mind,  
Tiddley-i-de-o!

—KING.

### She Slept With a Dummy

You may have had a "dummy" for a room-mate, but chances are that you never did sleep all night with an unknown dummy. Such was the fate of a sorority girl at Northwestern last week-end. Coming in late and fearing to turn the light on, she quietly slipped into bed barely noticing that the other side of it was already taken. Thinking her bed-mate to be a guest of the sorority, she slept on a narrow slice of the bed as the visitor seemed to be taking up more than her half. The morning light revealed that she had been sleeping with the dummy used in the sorority home-coming decorations.

### Attending Church

A Colorado university student caught drinking is forced to attend Sunday school for three years.—Minnesota Daily.

## THE CALICO CAT

I have wasted my substance in riotous living. I have sold my birth-right for a mess of pottage. In short, I've hocked the two best lives of mine as well as my best blue ribbon for a book—and it's some book, too. As a matter of fact, it's the kind of book that I just have to rhapsodize about. In case some disgruntled spoil-sport is at this minute in the act of groaning a heart-rending "Heavens above! Not again!" or some similar sentiment—might I suggest that the aforementioned d.s.s. please hurriedly turn the page and get back to his (or her)—if you're going to be a stickler—tating, because it will probably be happening again and again; so if you can't take it, it's a good thing to find out about it now. To get back to the object of my extravaganza, it's the sort of an anthology you've always wanted, an anthology that really does manage to get the best of everything. And not only that—the publishers, Simon and Schuster, have done themselves proud as regards the printing and the excellent binding. The book itself is a collection of thirty-four complete, unexpurgated plays covering the whole history of drama from Aeschylus to O'Neill, with the most representative plays of each age and country being included; that is, provided they are of enduring and world-wide reputation. And as for variety of type, could anything have greater variety than one volume containing "Antigone" and "The Importance of Being Earnest"? And another amazing feature is that the editors have had sense enough not to carry the business of editing to the point of completely swamping the material. Take it from a cat who is already practically speechless with enthusiasm, it's the book mark No. 1 in your letter to Santa Claus. Just as an afterthought, it's called "A Treasury of the Theatre" by Burns Mantle and John Gassner.

"The Bowery, the Bowery, tra la la la la la, tra la la, etc.," would seem to be the theme song of the intelligentia (sp?) these days. It's getting worse and worse as time rolls on. Theodore Dreiser sort of started it. When he decided that he had been enjoying comparative obscurity quite long enough and made up his mind to get down to work and win the Pulitzer prize, he took a good, well-worn tale about a boy and a girl, plunked them down in the East Side to live their lives, called the result "An American Tragedy," and immediately became so famous that Sinclair Lewis considered him important enough to rate a slap in the face. With such immediate success, everyone else naturally turned to the slums, and all of its millions of hearts-of-gold, with alarming results. Suddenly every self-respecting actress had to look like Sadie Thomp-

son, every hero had to be a Public Enemy or an iceman. It got so that if a girl patronized Hattie Carnegie it was as much as her reputation was worth. And above all everybody had to have a dialect—all purists being tactfully invited to leave for Pitcairn Island in the morning. As Keyhole Snooper No. 1 and ardent searcher-for-the-bright-side extraordinary, however, I'm glad to report that things seem to be looking up. Penthouses are once more in good repute. All Speakeasies are now called "Casino de Paree" and before long a Harvard accent will once more be the sign of a well-paid radio announcer. It's rumored that the turn for the better came when Shirley Temple, doing her level best to achieve the popular accent, spoiled a perfectly good reel by chanting softly "Little Bo Pip has lost her ship." Of course, I wouldn't know about that—but heaven only knows, it might have happened. Don't you think so, Georgie Porgie?

### Le Médecin-compositeur

Saint Saëns, dont on vient de célébrer le centenaire, n'était pas d'un commerce facile. C'est ainsi qu'un jeune docteur, qu'il connaissait depuis peu, soumit à son jugement quelques compositions.

—"Je ne savais pas que vous étiez musicien," lui dit le maître.

—"Oh! seulement pour tuer le temps," répondit le médecin.

Et l'auteur de Samson et Dalila répliqua:

—"Vous n'avez donc pas encore de clients?"

## Princess Theatre

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JOAN CRAWFORD and ROBERT MONTGOMERY in

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"AGE OF INDISCRETION"

and

IDA LUPINO in "SMART GIRL"

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## THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 2, 3, 4—On the stage, "Town Scandals"; one the screen, "King Solomon of Broadway," starring Edmund Love.

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 2, 3, 4—Lionel Barrymore in "Return of Peter Grimm."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Nov. 30-Dec. 2, 3—Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in "No More Ladies."

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# ATHLETICS

## Interfaculty Stars To Perform Saturday Afternoon in Rink

Regular Teams Will be Strengthened by Addition of Senior Players  
WEATHER PERMITTING

Game Arranged in Lieu of Intermediate Tilt Scheduled Thursday

Saturday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. the Varsity Rink will be the scene of faculty colors, faculty yells and howling mobs of students for just one reason. The Pharm-Med-Dents and Ag-Law-Arts-Com, traditional enemies from away back, will fit in a new piece in the jig-saw of interfac hockey. Hitherto banned senior players will don their respective faculty colors and fight for the honor of their professions to be.



A professor of Latin and Greek  
Can smoke cigarettes like a streak.  
But it's not for his knowledge  
Folks are joining his college,  
But the odd BRITISH CONSOLS  
to sneak.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette  
**BRITISH CONSOLS**

This is something new in the line of interfac hockey, and is really worthy of the support of the students, so learn your faculty yells and come out to the game.

Supporters of Ag-Arts-Law-Com will take the south side of the rink. Fans of the Pharm-Med-Dents will occupy the north side. The University will not be liable for injuries caused by fights or brawls.

The admission for this pro-rating game is only 10 cents. Get there early or stand up.

Players registered with Pharm-Med-Dents:

Jack Dunlap—senior, forward.  
Bill Stark—senior, defence.  
Nick Woywitka—senior, forward.  
Bob Zender—senior, defence.  
Earl Lane—senior, forward.  
Bud Costigan—interfac.  
Ronnie Holmes—interfac.  
Manager—McEwen.

Ag-Arts-Law-Com lineup:

Jack Talbot—senior, coach and defence.  
Laval Fortier—senior, forward.  
Bob Gibson—senior, forward.  
Bill Scott—senior, centre.  
Bob Cruickshank—senior, forward.  
Johnny Lewis—interfac.  
Doug Sharp—interfac.  
Clair Malcolm—interfac.  
Manager—Bob Proctor.

The game is scheduled for 3:00 p.m. Dean Howes, that genial personality, will centre off the puck, and for the remainder of the game "lend dignity to the occasion."

All House Ec. students who take Chem. with their burly brothers, the hockey players, should turn out and yell like —! Kindly find your way to the north side with all other good Science supporters.

The winner of this game will challenge Applied Science. Let's all turn out and boost it sky-high.

### LACOMBE-VARSITY GAME POSTPONED

Due to vagaries of the weather man, the intermediate hockey game between Varsity and Lacombe, scheduled for Thursday night at the campus rink, was postponed.

It was to be the first appearance of the Varsity hockey team this winter, and the postponement was a disappointment for the collegians, but no other course was open to the authorities under the circumstances.

The game will be played as soon as the weather allows.

## Varsity Senior to Meet YMCA Savage Redskins In Upper Gym Saturday

Both Teams Will be Seeking Revenge for Previous Encounters

### LINEUPS RELEASED

Two Different Systems of Offensive and Defensive Play

By Earl Deane

Two fast, aggressive, determined basketball teams will take the floor in the upper gym Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock when Varsity's Seniors lineup for combat with Y.M.C.A. Redskins.

The Redskins, smarting under their defeat, come here backed by a brilliant reputation in local basketball circles, and will be out to even the series. Playing a short bounce passing game, backed up by a better than 60 per cent. average in long shots, the Redskins will no doubt prove themselves a great threat.

### Long Workouts

The Varsity boys have been holding long, hard workouts several times a week, and are gaining that finish around the basket and in their plays that wins the games. All indications point to a very successful season.

Coach Jake Jamieson, confident that his charges will put up a good game, is taking no chances, and is drilling the fundamentals of the game into the boys. The Intermediates have improved greatly since their 52-22 setback, and are waiting for the chance to even their series.

The different systems of offensive and defensive ball will be played Saturday night, and looks like a wide open, fast-breaking and passing game is going to be the result.

### How They Look

Hal Richards—Varsity, fast breaking, accurate close-in shot.  
George Walker—fast breaking guard, from Lethbridge, a smart play-maker.

Freddy Kiewal—versatile player, both in the forward and guard positions.  
Jack Thomson—Y, excellent defensive man.

Clair Malcolm—Varsity, rated high in provincial basketball circles; steady, consistent playmaker and pivot man.  
Dick Shillington—Varsity, rounding in to old time form after a long lay off; will bear watching.

Forwards  
John Shipley—Varsity, fast, accurate shot; well schooled in all departments of the game.

Jack Lees—Varsity, shoots outside or bores in with equal ability; deadly foul shot.  
Bill Hutton—Varsity, speed to burn; sets up many plays; gaining finish in his shooting; looks very good.

### HOCKEY SCOURGE



Shown in the exclusive Gateway photo above is Tiny (you can call him Toar if you like, we're afraid to) Levesque, leading a concerted rugby attack on the hockey basket in the game in the upper gym last Tuesday. By adhering to T. as illustrated above, members of the rugby squad found they could save themselves running down the floor, but they usually had to run back because T. would stand for only so much.

## Sport Box

By Paul Malone

It's too bad the leading news reel organizations were not present at the fights last Friday night.

Probably never before in the history of the human race has such bloodshed been averted by official interference, such courage demonstrated by combatants, such "pepper" displayed in willingness to "mix it" and such appreciation voiced by a boxing and wrestling audience. The spectacle would have made Tex Rickard, in his prime, envious to an unprecedented degree.

The athletes really went wholeheartedly into the business of putting on a show. Their attitude might briefly be summed up as follows: "It doesn't matter what happens to me as long as I put the quietus on the opposition." When both combatants have this attitude you can depend upon it that fur will fly. And it did.

The boxers particularly showed beneficial results of their training by Coach Wally Beau-

mont. Lorne Madden displayed really remarkable talent as a stylist and all around excellent boxer. So did Dick Stappells. But probably the class of the evening from the spectator's standpoint was provided by Denny Hogan, a gentleman from Jasper National Park.

Fighting Ed Bredin, who knows a thing or two about boxing, Hogan displayed knowledge of the fine points of the art and a wallop that Joe Louis would envy. General attitude displayed by the male spectators during the brief tussle was extreme satisfaction that it was Ed Bredin instead of the respective males present that was fighting Mr. Hogan.

All the athletes, both boxers and wrestlers, displayed sportsmanship of the most pleasing variety and their display was a specimen of the spirit which frequently passes unrecognized in this institution.

According to Operative Q13, the games played by the rugby and hockey teams and professors and co-eds in the gym Tuesday night provided quite a spectacle. It is an unspoken tribute to all concerned that nobody was prepared for the morticians, considering the circumstances under which the games were played. Dean Howes starred, Q13 reports. And why shouldn't he?

John J. Talbot's fighting hockey team was disappointed in its scheduled game with Lacombe, but somebody has to consider chinooks ill winds or the old proverbs would go up in smoke.

It is reported that J. Harper Prowse, the rink and publicity man, has received a complaint about the ice in the rink being "too hard" for those who are accustomed to sit down unexpectedly while skating. In future cautions will be provided those who require them, providing arrangements can be made.

(Continued Story)

### HELL AND HIGH WATER

By Dina Velmar

What has gone before: Seven chapters.

### Chapter VIII.

Harold nervously wiped his perspiring hands on his trousers, and anxiously awaited the kick-off that would signal commencement of the second half.

(To be continued)

## Starry Hockey Athletes Trounce Rugby Sportsmen In Stellar Hoop Contest

Howls of Spectators Mingle With Moans of Injured

### SCORE?

Pigskin Chasers Lack Reserve Power and Fall Behind

By Paddy Morris

The howls of the spectators, the timid cries of the coach, the muttered undertones of the teams, mingled in a roar that told the story of the game going on in the Upper Gym.

Before these feverish spectators the rugby and the hockey teams, all fine upstanding young men, God bless 'em, were led on the floor. It was noticed at once that it would be a padded game, as Shortly looked so much like an ape in his equipment that the rugby team set up a howl about imports and amateur standing.

### "Toar" Prominent

As the tension was tending toward the terrific, the terrible Tarzans headed by "Toar" Levesque, made a mad rush down the floor, and all did their best to finish the game then and there. However, the pucksters got slippery, got the whistle, and then got ten yards. Then the hockeyists did their own rushing, and Dunlap, being blest by the gods and surrounded by a good defense, put the ball in for the first score.

And then, dear people, our little referee, Jane MacTavish, seeing how the fur was flying, came out of retirement and retired with part of Levesque's fur coat.

Though Foster lacked support, the eyes of the females were on him when it was learned that one small pin stood between him and calamity. And Moodie, although he played carefully, was seen to back against the wall, and tenderly feeling his pants, was heard to murmur, "A ripping game, sir, a ripping game." And one must admit that he certainly did tear into it.

### Score Close

When the half-time whistle went the score was close. Don't ask how close—it doesn't matter, as it would be disputed anyhow, as there was a small game going on between the scorekeepers themselves. And when the teams came on the floor again, perhaps due to the mounting toll of those lost in action, it was decided to use the ball more and Dickson less, and this being the case, the referee thought it might be time for her to get in the game again and gave the pucksters a basket. Talbot could always use those eyes of his.

But as the pigskin chasers lacked reserve power, they gradually fell before the slippery playing of the hockeyists, and when the final score was rung up the latter had the edge to the extent of ten to six.

And either aghast, chuckling or puzzled, the largest crowd that has

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### WEATHER UNSUITABLE FOR WINTER SPORTS

Seriously affected by south winds and balmy zephyrs from all directions, snow and ice neighboring on the campus is rapidly disappearing, and barring immediate action by the Students' Council, may possibly disappear altogether. Skating, skiing and tobogganing are all victims of the thaw. Weather experts predict a chance in the near future, but they don't know how soon.

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## RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Announcement of the winner of the Rhodes Scholarship will be made over the coming week-end by the Selection Committee, who will meet then to consider the candidates. This scholarship will entitle the winner to a four-year stay at Oxford free of charge. Competition is expected to be keen this year.

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CIGARETTES

## DEBATER LAUDS U.B.C. CO-EDS--IN JAM

Whether he knows it or not, Mr. Sydney P. Hermant, who shone in the intercollegiate debate here this month as a representative of eastern universities, is in considerable of a fix.

At present some place between Alberta and Ontario on his return to Toronto University, his alma mater, the polished Hermant will step on dangerous territory when he casts foot on the U. of T. campus.

It seems that the distinguished debater made at least one bad mistake in the course of his recent triumphant tour with Eli Kelloway of McGill. He made the mistake, or at least the University of British Columbia Ubysey says he did, of declaring that the U. of B.C. co-eds are the finest in Canada.

The direct result of the postulation as far as co-eds of Hermant's native soil are concerned is that Toronto co-eds are by no means fair, beautiful or attractive.

Quoting the Toronto man on the U. of B.C. co-ed situation, the Ubysey says: "I have never seen so many



SYDNEY HERMANT

beautiful girls in one place before." Possibility of Hermant being mis-

quoted in the U. of B.C. paper is seen in the fact that he diplomatically refused to comment whatsoever on Alberta co-eds, for publication purposes, during the course of his stay here.

The distinguished Toronto Daily Star, "Canada's Greatest," comments on the situation by declaring that Hermant, who left for the tour in a minor blaze of glory, may return to find his position more warm than bright.

"Indignation and resentment seethed across the U. of T. campus yesterday, as students, mostly feminine, digested his (Hermant's) reported remarks," reports the Star. "He was accused by a leading girl student, Miss Marnie Griggs, of offering an insult to U. of T. co-eds, while others were equally outspoken and condemnatory in their remarks."

It appears that Mr. Hermant will be called upon to display considerable of his undoubted oratorical and persuasive skill shortly, but from what was seen of him on the local campus he will probably emerge with the judges' verdict.

It would be a pity if he didn't.

## Discovery by N. V. Chemist Upsets All Old Theories

Finds Oxygen Heavier in Air Than in Water—Discovery to Revolutionize Chemical World

EVANSTON, Nov. 21.—An accidental discovery proving that scientists have been on the wrong track for 30 years—a discovery that oxygen, the measuring rod of the universe, is not constant—was made Saturday night by a 32-year-old assistant professor of chemistry at Northwestern. He is Dr. Malcolm Dole, who found that oxygen in air is heavier than oxygen in water.

"This is tantamount to saying, in the language of the layman," the Evanston News-Index commented, "that a 12-inch ruler (which everyone knows is 12 inches long!) sometimes is 14 inches long."

Working in a small laboratory on this campus, Dr. Dole was trying to discover what difference existed between water taken from the Nebraska Hot Water Springs and Lake Michigan water. Finding that his measurements did not check, he found that the discrepancy did not lie in between the two elements, but in the oxygen alone.

## Changes Chemical World

The discovery will revolutionize the chemical world, because there will now be not one, but two scales of atomic weights. The relative weights of elements, based on oxygen, will have to be revised. Whether or not the old

scale will be completely done away with, Dr. Dole does not know. It is possible, he thinks, that the two will be combined. This will mean a revision in every chemistry text book ever written.

The American Chemical Society journal, notified of the discovery Monday, has not yet had time to make public the fact, which scientists will regard as of world interest. Other chemists have approached the truth, but Dr. Dole is the only scientist to make his findings certain. The discovery explains results obtained by other workers, especially those of Dr. E. W. Washburn, of the bureau of standards, who worked under the delusion that oxygen was the same in water as in air.

## Actual Difference Slight

The actual difference was found to be very slight, only 4.6 per cent. "This," Dr. Dole says, "is very slight." He was able to compute the difference after two electrolysis-by-water tests. In one case water was taken from tank hydrogen and oxygen derived from liquid air, and in the other test he used normal water. Tank hydrogen was used to burn the oxygen of both, and by this means the variations were calculated.

## MORE ABOUT SECESSION

(Continued from Page One)

means of transporting produce might be withdrawn.

## Migration to East?

He believed that secession would be followed by a swarming of all the educated class of people to Ontario and Quebec. He followed this thought by a series of enlightening (?) economic statistics, in the midst of which he was stopped by Mr. Costigan, who opened the question to discussion.

A number of speakers arose to argue for either the affirmative or negative, and one student who seemed a bit doubtful about it all, put in a good word for both, to the horror of Mr. Costigan. Another informed Mr. Prowse that the natural product which we should receive from Denver, Colorado, would be Denver sandwiches. Mr. Prowse left the room shortly afterwards.

## Negative Wins

The leader of the affirmative's rebuttal was delivered in his usual inimitable and amusing style, but the result of the vote following this was a victory for the negative.

All the speakers for the evening were extraordinarily good, and the debate as a whole was entertaining and educational, to say the least.

## Proclamation

1. Whereas the Year Book staff and the Publicity Departments are forced to share the same office;
2. And whereas repeated efforts have failed to result in larger quarters being made available;
3. And whereas the available quarters are cramped to an extreme degree;
4. And whereas the Director of the Student Extension Department insists upon a female chorus of 20 voices rendering "I'm Alone Because I Love You" from dawn to dusk;
5. And whereas the Director of the Rally Department insists upon performing histrionics with Gismonda from dusk to dawn;
6. And whereas repeated protests of the Year Book have been no whit effective;
7. And whereas no concentration is possible in such a bedlam;
8. The Year Book do hereby request the power behind the throne to have said disturbances confined to the bowdors of the said Directors of the Extension and Rally Departments respectively.

Herewith my hand and seal, this 26th day of Nov. A.D. 1935.

W. LLOYD HUTTON,  
Director of Evergreen and Gold.

## ACTION!!



Sammy Epstein impersonating that bold, bad Bolshie, "Stapan," in the Senior Play. Don't fail to see him tonight. There are also Frosh, Soph and Junior plays.

## Christmas Plays

Thursday night twenty-six members of the Players Club, most of whom are in their first year with the Thespians, will step on to the stage to participate in the annual Christmas plays. As is usual, four plays of diversified character from Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; a comedy drama, "It's the Poor Wot acter will be presented. They will be: 'Elps the Poor'; a melodrama, "The Mask"; and a comedy, "Villa For Sale" by Sacha Guitry.

## Press vs. S.C.M.—Wotta Battle!

The forces of light and virtue were upheld yesterday noon when the Publications Board debated the S.C.M. on the topic, "Resolved that the power of the Press is greater than the power of the Pulpit," and the S.C.M. took the affirmative! The Ubysey debaters arrived behind a small brass band playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," heading a parade of fifty reporters and editors. With ringing oratory, the powers of the pulpit were upheld by the wielders of the pen.

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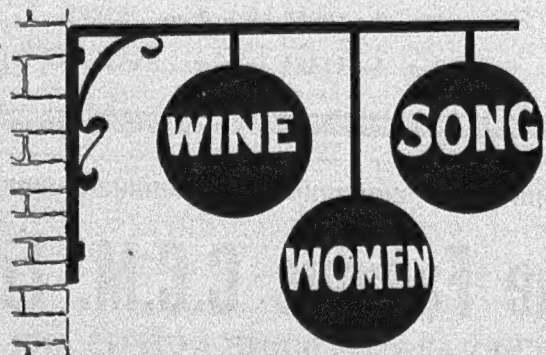
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ONLY TONIGHT AND TOMORROW REMAIN

## CAPITALISM DEGENERATE—KING GORDON

In an address before the Political Science Club of the University on Friday, Prof. King Gordon, lecturer at large for the United Church of Canada, stressed the fact that elements that have tended to bring about the development of Fascism in European countries are in evidence in Canada today.

Prof. Gordon stated that these elements are noticeable in the economic collapse that has been strikingly in evidence since 1927, the impending danger of the disintegration of the capitalist system; in the rise of popular leaders with policies based on various economic theories and promises of security to people whose present condition is, to say the least, precarious; in the existence of an oligarchy that is camouflaged by a pretense of democracy, but which is in reality, through its control of economic resources, the real governing body. Prof. Gordon said that Fascism is merely capitalism stripped of those democratic pretenses, and assumes these forms in an attempt to withhold its waning power.

The speaker maintained that Fascism makes its primary appearance in a form calculated to make a deep emotional appeal. The appeal is usually to some religious or patriotic instincts, and aims at the suppression of some race or class.

## NOTES

On Friday night the interyear plays will be presented in Convocation Hall. Some people have been worried about that guy Herc, the hick Hercules. Fears are rife. He may charge the audience. But don't worry, he can't until he gets Queenie's girdle, and then he won't want to. If he does charge, let Dad pay for it. . . . Saturday night is to be the night of nights. Ten thousand Freshmen can't go wrong, but Mae may go berserk. It's to be a big night for the new frights of the year. Sleighing, eating (I like this part the best) and dancing in VTS Rose Room.



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